OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE CANADIAN CAMPING ASSOCIATION

CANADIAN CAMPING

December 1953
TORONTO, CANADA

Only a Child . . . God's Chrismas Gift
Heralded by a star;
But a Light was lit in the dusk of the years
And the rays have shone afar.

And ever in faith when the eyes of men
Behold His star in the night,
Their steps are turned to the way again
And they find in the Christ their Light.

—MARY S. EDGAR

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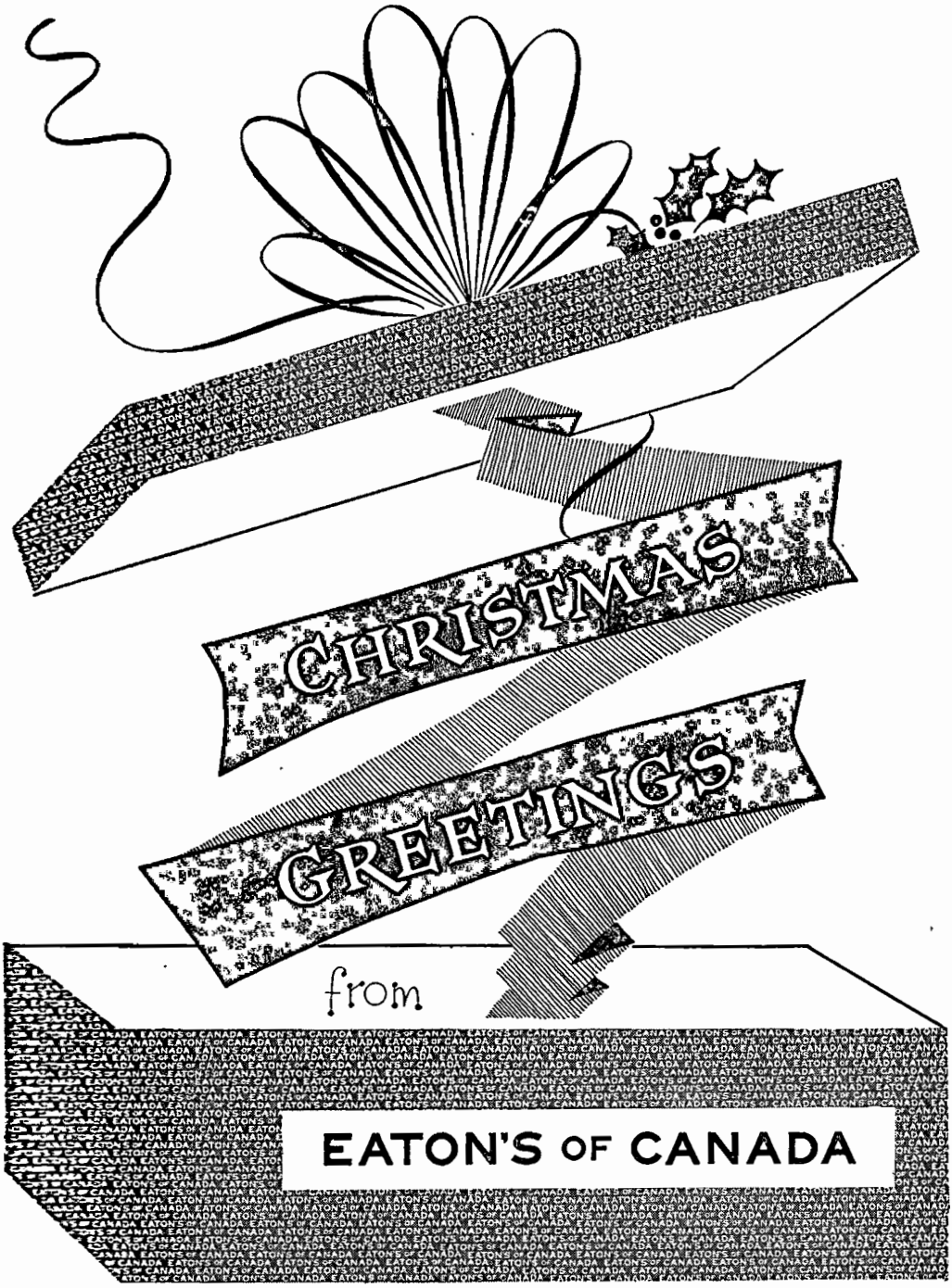
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CANADIAN CAMPING

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Editor's Preamble . . .

What would you say if, suddenly, you were posed with the question: "Do you operate a good camp?"

Would you answer confidently and without hesitation in the affirmative? Or would you govern your reply by that one significant adjective "good"? Good management, directors and counsellors, high standards, good programme, beds and food . . . these are the acknowledged essentials of camping. But, to strike home, how did we, as managers, directors and counsellors, conduct our own camps during the summer just behind us? Are we now looking for improvements for summers ahead?

In this first issue of the season, one cannot help but evaluate as we face a future in which camping is to become a far more vital part of our life plan. In the years to come, Canadian children from all walks of life will know the camping experience; numerous camps are, at this very moment, in the blueprint stage, to take visible form next year and the years following. What part, therefore, do we play as upholders of the Canadian Camping Association? Is it not our grave responsibility to see that those who have been long in the field do "hold high the torch"; that good camps, and good camps only, meet the heavy demands of the future?

This is the time when, in our exploration, we can challenge ourselves. If we failed the children in our care, if we did not stand up to the faith parents placed in us at the beginning of camp, re-thinking and re-planning are urgent immediate remedies. If our efforts at counsellor training did not produce results, if we did not insist on the highest possible standards in every section of camp, perhaps there is something wrong with the way we do things. In other words, if each individual camp is not what it should be, then let's not stand still; let's *do* something about it. The mere fact that camping has long passed the half-century mark in Canada, that there are over five hundred camps in Ontario alone, that CCA can boast about two hundred and fifty member camps across Canada must not lead us into thinking that we have fulfilled our destiny.

That we have not done so in some respects is only too evident in the words of a first year counsellor included in this issue. On the other hand, there are indications from other writers in the field that camping is well-nigh perfect. It really doesn't matter in which category we place ourselves, there is always room for improvement.

We salute those who have given us what amounts to a cross-section of the Canadian Camping scene in news-letter form: Stan Symington for the Eastern Canada resumé; Ethel Bebb and Margaret Caesar for an account of their Ontario tour; Mary Barker for her report on YWCA camps; Ted Yard for a release on his Western trip.

And we welcome with rousing cheers yet another new member, The Alberta Camping Association. This is a clear indication of an increased camping interest in that prairie province, and we are encouraged by such progress. May it grow in stature and numbers, and may we enjoy association with its members for many years to come.

From . . . the President's Desk

Westward Ho!

We camping people have each found at one time or another that by visiting camps other than our own we inevitably receive stimulation and inspiration. By this token, your President's cup was certainly filled to overflowing during this year of 1953.

During the course of the year, we have had the privilege of visiting Camps Kitchikewana, Glen Bernard, GayVenture, Bark Lake, Norval, Onawaw, Sunfish and Boulderwood in Ontario. In most instances we were able to see these camps in operation, and then when most of our campers had left for home, we started on a camping trip which was to take us through over 8,000 miles of driving into many camps in our western provinces and some in the United States.

In Manitoba, in addition to visiting several camps and learning at first hand about the unique day camp sites the city of Winnipeg makes available to the various agencies, we had the privilege of meeting with the Camping Association Executive and members, and of addressing a special meeting where Camp Directors, staff people, parents and campers were all present. As always, it was a pleasure to meet with our Canadian Camping Vice-President, Mrs. MacDonald and with Miss Elizabeth Connall, President of the Manitoba Camping Association and her energetic Executive Committee.

In Saskatchewan we visited several centres although, at the moment, the C.C.A. does not have a section in this province. We learned there are a great number of camps operated through the Church organizations and through the Scouts and, in addition, we had an opportunity to meet the staff and lay people responsible for the operation of the Y.M.C.A. camps in Regina and Saskatoon.

At Calgary we met representatives from the various Church organizations which are operating camps, and also from the Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Y.M.C.A. and Salvation Army. To this meeting, camping enthusiasts flew several hundred miles from Edmonton, and drove north a considerable distance from Lethbridge. In a spirit of genuine co-operation, camp people from these three large centres drew together their camping interests and decided to form the Alberta Camping Association, with Mr. Murray Faulkner of the Calgary Y.M.C.A., as the acting President of the group.

In Banff we had consultations with a gentleman who is keenly interested in establishing a private camp for boys in this beautiful national park, and in the Okanagan Valley we had an opportunity to see several of the B.C. campsites.

In Vancouver, it was your President's privilege to address 60 members and friends of the B.C. Camping Association and also, on another occasion, to meet with Charles Roche, the energetic President of that Association, and members of his Executive . It was a pleasure also to speak to Third and Fourth year

students of the University of British Columbia in an effort to acquaint them with the educational values in camping and the possibilities for their own additional training through assuming responsibility for camp programs. Among the several B.C. camps we were able to visit was "Moorecroft", the oldest private camp in B.C. and one which has grown through the pioneering spirit of Gertrude Moore, a long time member and worker for our Canadian Association of camp people.

It is obvious that in our Provincial Associations people are actively participating in study groups, in conferences and in open meetings. This very participation constitutes to a large degree, the real "Association". *As members of the C.C.A.* however, it must be ever evident that we can seldom share in a similar way the experiences and thinking of our fellow camp people. It seemed increasingly obvious as we met with people in far off, and sometimes remote places, that a sense of real association at a national level can only come as we:

(a) Participate to the fullest extent in personal discussions with camping people in our own area and in our own provincial association;

(b) Correspond with others who are doing similar work in other parts of the country;

(c) Take the time on occasion to tell the story of our work to our interested fellow campers through the medium of the Canadian Camping Magazine and Provincial bulletins.

Returning to Ontario (again through our Canadian Provinces), we arrived in Toronto in time to attend Major Bowie's board meeting of the Ontario Camping Association and to learn that in the Quebec Association Miss Ruby Smith, Miss Nan Vail, Mrs. Agnes Mutchler, Mr. Ken Murray and Miss Dais Gass, who have given devoted leadership to our Association in that beautiful province for many years, have again assumed active executive roles.

One cannot complete a trip such as ours without recognizing again and again the immensity of our country and the tremendous task that faces any National organization. We are fortunate indeed that our Association members are almost exclusively "purpose members" who join with us in an effort to accomplish something far beyond the reach of their own individual camp operation. I was impressed over and over again by the truly purposeful, consecrated nature of our membership and we could not help but feel that despite geography and the barriers of mountains and plains, the Canadian camping people have indeed a National Association.

MAY WE INTRODUCE . . .

It is our pleasure to introduce, at this time, Mrs. Eanswythe Flynn, the Executive Secretary of our Camping Association and Editor of the Canadian Camping Magazine. Mrs. Flynn brings to our Association a keen and active interest in organized camping, and to the magazine, experience and skills which I am sure we will all come to appreciate. Please feel free to write to Mrs. Flynn at the Camping Association office, 236 Bloor Street W., Toronto, with regard to Association matters or to editorial content for the Canadian Camping magazine.

W. E. (TED) YARD

Towards A Philosophy of Camping V

JOHN HOYLE

Director, Camp GayVenture
President, Ontario Camping Association

Discipline is part of the warp and woof of adequate human behaviour. It is an essential part of family life, school life, military life and of all business relationships. No grouping of people, adults or children, can function effectively without discipline. Certainly no camp can accomplish its objectives without a satisfactory form of discipline.

When, however, we begin to consider discipline more carefully, we find a very great variance in its purpose, its method and its application. Perhaps the place to start is to define the meaning of discipline. A study of definitions as given in several generally accepted dictionaries furnish a variety of meanings to the word—perhaps as many variations in terminology as there appears to be in its practice. One set of meanings indicates that discipline is a method of securing and maintaining order according to some prescribed system of rules; it is a control gained by enforcing obedience or order; it involves instruction and punishment.

This approach to discipline suggests that discipline is something super-imposed upon campers, in order that they may behave in accordance with the requirements of the Director or supervising committee. No doubt this form of discipline gets results—certain types of results—because the campers do what they are told. They are coerced by fear of consequences to behave in a certain way; they then become automata controlled by external compulsion.

Discipline is obviously necessary because if campers were allowed to do as they please, they would soon become a problem to their camp, their home and their school. However, while this exterior and enforced pressure may succeed in changing outward behaviour, what is it doing to the child? Unless the camper accepts this form of behaviour voluntarily, so that his inner thoughts and emotions are in harmony with the controls, little, if any, real progress in self-controlled behaviour is being achieved.

If one looks at the root of the word discipline, it is quickly ascertained that the above concept of discipline is far removed from its original meaning. In the original Latin the word was DISCIPULUS—a follower; the French adaptation was DISCERE—to learn. While many great leaders of the past have had their disciples, it is easiest for us to take the outstanding example of Jesus Christ and His disciples. What type of control did He exercise over them? Certainly, it was not the type of pressure referred to above. Was it not rather a relationship, a sharing of life, a mutual understanding and respect resulting in a form of behaviour

motivated by the desire of the disciples to function in a way set forth, and satisfactory to their unique Teacher. It is the contention of the writer that this approach is the one most truly related to that form of behaviour that we refer to as discipline. Unless there is a reciprocal relationship between the one exercising the leadership and those being led, the resulting behaviour is only superficial. In the case of the Great Teacher, He motivated His disciples so that they desired above all things to conduct themselves according to the standard of behaviour which He appreciated. In other words, life in that small, but world-shaking group was a way of living happily and effectively in harmony with the objectives of the Great Teacher.

May we then suggest that essentially discipline is simply "A way of living happily together in accordance with the rules"—not primarily because of exterior compulsion, but because the campers understand that if they desire to live happily and healthily together their acceptance of and conformity to certain rules are essential.

It is interesting in this connection to read the definition of discipline as stated by the Division of Mental Health of the Department of National Health and Welfare, Ottawa. "Discipline is guiding a child so that he learns to get along with his family, his friends and others; teaching him to behave in an agreeable way."

Perhaps we need to spend more time in helping campers to understand the meaning of each rule and thus secure their physical, mental and emotional response to those controls which experience has indicated are essential to the achievement of a happy and healthy camp life. One doesn't have to compel children to step into a disinfectant before and after bathing, because they understand it is for their own personal hygiene and that of the camp. Campers gladly co-operate in rinsing their hands in a disinfectant after visiting the "jons" for the same reason. When children understand through patient explanation of the rules of camp, there is no difficulty as regards discipline.

The good old rule of satisfaction applies here as in every form of camp behaviour. If the camper understands that every rule in camp is for his and his fellows' own health and happiness and that compliance with these rules bring about satisfaction, then he gladly continues to practise that type of behaviour. It would appear that one of the chief reasons why camps sometimes have disciplinary problems is due to the authorities not taking the campers into their confidence and helping them to understand the "why" of each regulation.

But there is more than this to camp discipline. Discipline is essentially the f u n c t i o n of the cabin counsellors; whether discipline is present or otherwise depends primarily on him or on her. Granted the Director is the final incarnation of camp discipline, it is nevertheless the cabin counsellor who is on the firing line twenty-four hours a day, and the emergence of a well-disciplined camp depends upon him or her. He it is who has the responsibility of interpreting the theory of discipline into the constructive, social and individual behaviour of each member of his cabin group.

The writer would like to suggest five basic requirements for the attainment of the type of discipline which he has been discussing.

I. Effective discipline grows out of love and understanding. These are basic.

The counsellor must truly, deeply and sincerely love his campers if he is to achieve discipline. Love and understanding are not synonymous. A counsellor may love his campers without understanding them, and he may understand his campers technically without loving them. Human personality is so constituted that love is essential to growth and progress, and there can be no growth and progress without understanding.

II. The type of love of which we are speaking is not just sentimental love, but love that is deeply tinged with respect for human personality. This love and understanding must be enriched and backed up by a calm, quiet firmness which inculcates respect and gives the campers that sense of security in their leadership, without which no discipline can be effective. What a marvellous combination—love, understanding, respect.

III. Adequate discipline, strange to relate because at first they seem contradictory, is the ability of the counsellor to identify himself with his cabin group. So long as the counsellor remains separate from and above his group, he will have problems of behaviour. As he increasingly identifies himself with the group, his problems will tend to disappear. Identification is only possible, of course, to the counsellor who loves and is loved, because only such a counsellor will be respected for what he is, not just for his rank as a staff member. The counsellor who *earns* the respect of his group will have no behaviour or disciplinary problems, except in the case of the occasional child who is a nonconformist and must be handled in a different way.

IV. Just as campers respond to affection and to understanding, so they respond to a firm hand. Campers definitely do not respond to a sloppy counsellor who doesn't know what he is doing or why. They do, however, quietly respect the counsellor who understands his job and so leads his cabin group, that each one takes his share of duties, interests and activities. Campers learn only too soon if the effervescence of the counsellor is just skin deep. One cannot bluff campers for long. On the other hand, the counsellor who has earned their respect because of his quiet firmness and insistence on duties being properly carried out will find himself in an invulnerable position.

V. Possibly the most vital factor in discipline is the example the counsellor sets to his group and to the camp at large. One of our Section Heads this summer in making her bi-monthly report on the C.I.T.s attached to her Section said, "C.I.T.'s need to remember that campers are watching them when off duty, as well as when they are on duty." How easy it is to keep keyed up while in charge of an activity or a cabin group, and then to let up when the assigned duty is completed. The counsellor may let up, but the keen eyes and ears of the campers are always on the alert. The old maxim "that what you are speaks so loudly that we cannot hear what you say" is as true to-day as ever. We who accept the great responsibility of cabin counselling are really "on show" all the time. Counselling is really a twenty-four hour a day job. Of course it's tough, but what job really worth doing is not tough? To be a cabin counsellor is one of the greatest privileges given to young men and women, and the responsibilities that accompany it are very great. But it's worth it, isn't it?

Do Lean Years Lie Ahead?

ALAN F. KLEIN

Assistant Professor of Social Work, University of Toronto

We had not travelled very far when we came upon a vast area without habitation. The soil was sandy and sparsely covered with grassy patches, and the results of erosion were everywhere to be seen. This had once been rich farm land, but now the top soil was gone, and drought, a constant companion, rendered it useless.

We were told that this was the result of improvidence. Timber had been ruthlessly cut without regard to the balance of nature, and the lands that once retained their life-giving moisture now lay in dust. It was the result of taking without giving, of cutting without planting. There is an inexorable law of nature: that one cannot farm or extract endlessly without planting anew and replenishing the soil. For those who do, there are lean years ahead.

And so, for years we have been accepting the bounty of our communities and taking our crop of counsellors without regard for the need to plant and cultivate in order to reap. As a result, lean years lie ahead. Every year it becomes more difficult to get a full staff. In some camps each year the average age of counsellors is growing younger. Where once they attracted University students, graduates and teachers, they now get high school students. The crop of counsellors has not been cultivated; the soil has not been enriched; there are rows to hoe and work to do. For, if we do not, then lean years may lie ahead.

It should be obvious that nothing is gained by camp directors competing for the diminishing supply of staff. Forcing salary levels up is not the solution. It is equally clear that we cannot sit back and moan that people have no sense of responsibility and that youth, today, has lost its soul. Whether you agree that we are reaping the result of our own improvidence for failing to raise our own crop of counsellors out of our camps, or for failing to interpret our work to the community, or you disagree . . . the time has come for all camp people to work together to increase the available yield of staff and the quality of the crop.

Some Steps that Might be Taken:

To Enrich the Soil—

1. A campaign to acquaint parents with the values of counselling to the counsellor.
2. Wholesale interpretation to organizations; i.e.—Home and School, Women's Institutes, Service Clubs, etc. of the leadership training that counselling produces.
3. More and better films interpreting camping.
4. Increased lay participation on camp committees of individual camps, as well as camping associations.

5. Increased publicity and public relations in the press and other media.

To Improve the Crop—

1. Better interpretation and formalized channels for developing counsellors out of campers.

2. Direct appeals for counsellors in periodicals that teen-agers read, and by speeches and films in schools and youth organizations.

3. Far better counsellor-in-training programmes.

4. Support for the provincial counsellor training efforts.

5. Year-round follow-up on counsellor recruiting, get-togethers, clubs, etc.

6. Developing camp clubs on the University campus.

7. Direct interpretation to teachers, clergy and vocational guidance personnel.

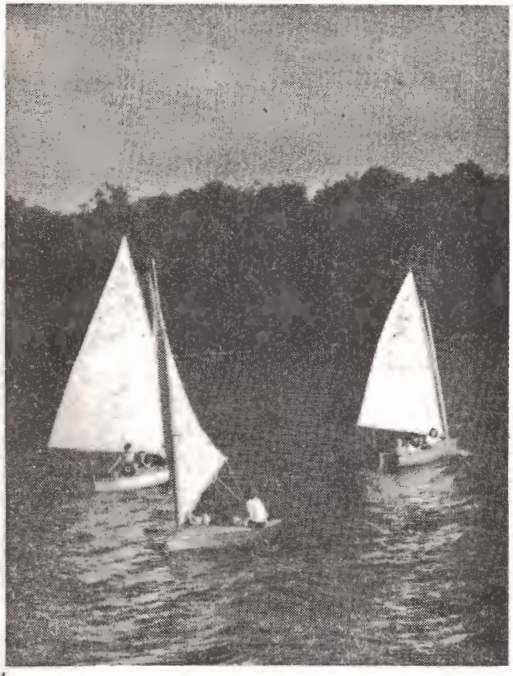
8. Winter camp during winter vacation (or counsellor training on a co-operative basis).

9. Better interpretations to and supervision of counsellors on the job.

10. Talk camping and sell camping . . . not just *your* camp.

There are, doubtless, many other ways to tackle the job. There is no one way. Either we let the thing go to dust, for the top soil is about gone, and we are now having to dig for staff, or we enter into cut-throat competition for available staff, with the inevitable evil results; *or* we get together on a co-operative basis. The latter means planting the seed, cultivating the soil (parents and other adults); it means developing a constant supply of quality counsellors.

If we do not, lean years may lie ahead.



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After Five Weeks

in the Bush We Salute Canadian Camp Directors !

Ethel F. Bebb, *Director*
Margaret M. Caesar, *Assistant*
Redbook Magazine Educational Department

Most of us in Ontario camps will recall happily the visit of these two camping enthusiasts from South of the Border. Only one regret hampered their writing about the trip, they tell us: that it was impossible to include in this resumé the names of all the camps they visited.—Editor.

It was with some little trepidation, but with more than twenty-five summers of experience visiting camps while in operation in the United States, that we set out from New York in early July this year to visit some fifty private camps in the Province of Ontario. The trepidation was brief, but justified by the fact that we had not even a "speaking acquaintance" with the majority of Canadian directors whose camps we were about to visit. This makes the warm welcome we received and the hospitality we found everywhere the more significant.

We entered Canada the second week in July by way of Cornwall, and proceeded west on Route 2, toward Gananoque and Kingston, not sorry to stop at Gananoque for lunch, for on a previous trip we spent the night at delightful Bluebonnie Inn and at another time dined at the famous Golden Apple there.

Turning north the following day, we visited our first Canadian camps — OCONTO on Sharbot Lake, where the Lubbetts made us welcome indeed and where we met the new editor of Canadian Camping, Eanswythe Flynn. We were loathe to leave, but after several hours and a cup of tea, were on our way to CAMP MAZINAW on Lower Mazinaw Lake. Here, greeted by one of the directors, Blackie, we saw again a camp which we shall long remember. Our hosts took us to the famous Bon Echo development on Upper Mazinaw Lake where we looked across to towering Bon Echo Rock, on which many Algonquin Indian powwows were held of old. On this rock is carved an inscription to "Old Walt", for Walt Whitman spent much time in this area which he loved.

Back to Kaladar, where we took the King's Highway west to Fenelon Falls and CAMP KAGAWONG. We were pleased to visit here with Bill Chapman, for we had known his father for many years. As we went about camp we sensed that all is well at KAGAWONG under Bill's direction. Thence to the Lake Simcoe area, where we made our first visit to camp by boat—CAMP SHAWANAGA, at Port Severn on Georgian Bay, and met the Hartmans. We were delighted with a new type of camp architecture in the studio for arts and crafts designed by the directors. Uniquely this camp operates the first-month session for junior girls, the second month for teen age girls.

We arrived at CAMP ONAWAW at midseason and found Miss Govan busily engaged in giving swimming tests, while second-month campers arrived. Onward to Utterson on new Route 11 and CAMP WINNEBAGO. Here again, we found the second generation of the founding family directing camp, for we had known Mrs. Danson in her early days in camping.

Then our second trip to camp by boat to KAWAGAMA and a lovely visit with the Palters, whom we had met at the National Convention of the American Camping Association in Chicago in 1952.

In the Muskoka area we visited, among others, two camps which have operated successfully for years, INAWENDAWIN and KILCOO, and a comparatively new camp, KANDALORE, under the able direction of R. K. Cleverdon, Chairman of the Ontario Camping Association Standards Committee. At SHERWOOD FOREST we found an old acquaintance, C. H. Irwin, and took the paths with him through some of the most beautiful forest seen on our entire trip. Those original log buildings are good for another century to come.

CAMP WASEOSA, near Huntsville, was not on our list, but the sign intrigued us, and happily so, for we found a delightful camp for young children and met Jane Coventry and Helene Rothwell. Greeted by a group at the entrance of ONONDAGA, we immediately sensed that this was an excellent camp by the appearance and manners of the campers. We were welcomed and taken about by Hadley Armstrong in the absence of the director.

A trip out from Minden brought us to GAY VENTURE and Major Hoyle, President of the Ontario Camping Association. Although we interrupted counsellor training classes, we were made welcome, and learned much of this director's philosophy of co-educational camping.

And then the famous Algonquin Park area, where we lived in a log cabin with a pot-bellied iron stove at Whitefish Lodge. To our amusement we found that Jack Connelly, the proprietor, is Iowa born and bred, as is one of the tellers of this tale.

At AROWHON, the delightful hospitality of the Kates family included lunch at the Inn. Here, with Eugene Kates at the helm, we found again the second generation directing camp.

AHMEK and WAPOMEO and the Taylor Stattens brought memories of by-gone days in the American Camping Association. We were again impressed with the fact that camping keeps directors young, for the Taylor Stattens, Senior, have changed little since we last saw them more than ten years ago.

After convincing the skipper of the CAMP PATHFINDER boat that we might be welcome without previous announcement of our visit, we arrived and were warmly welcomed by vital, vigorous H. J. Norton, Owner-Director from Rochester, New York.

The following morning, as we stood on the TAMAKWA dock, whom should we see waiting there but a group of trippers from OGAMA and Program Director Goldburg, who had shown us about camp several days before. Great was Lou Handler's surprise when he backed his boat to the side of the dock and saw us standing there. We sojourned to the camp with the coke and bread and milk, but later

had a beautiful trip about the lake with Lou and Jennifer Jo.

To our regret we missed Mary Hamilton at TANAMAKOON, for she had spent the month of July there, but were happy to renew our acquaintance with Mrs. Raymer, whom we had met at an American Camping Association conference in Boston, and to meet Mr. Raymer.

At CAMP DOUGLAS, recently moved from Georgian Bay to Algonquin Park, we found Douglas Gardner, director, giving swimming tests to a group of older campers and saw the younger campers off for a "cook out."

En route to Temagami we paid a never-to-be-forgotten visit to Mary Edgar and GLEN BERNARD. After a morning spent with campers and staff, we ate lunch "out" and went with Miss Edgar to see the Girl Guide Camp nearby—the camp which she built for English visitors during the War and now makes available to Girl Guides.

Driving north on route 11 through North Bay, we arrived at the northern point of our trip, Temagami. Greeted by Irwin Haladner and Fred Haiblen of WABI-KON, we spent two of our most delightful days. Here we relaxed and reviewed camp program, joined campers and counsellors in activity and off-duty hours at will, all made possible by our gracious hosts, the Haladners.

But time has a way of pressing on and so by WABI-KON boat, operated by Skipper Haladner, we visited KEE-WAYDIN base Camp and CAMP TEMAGAMI. "Gibb" Cochrane welcomed us, and as we went about camp we found Mrs. Cochrane on a private dock reading the July issue of Redbook Magazine. We are pleased to report that she considers Redbook her favorite magazine and insists that it is the only magazine to which she subscribes!

Thus our last camp visit for the summer of '53 was over, we left TEMAGAMI with regret and faced south toward Ottawa and New York State.

Earlier, we referred to more than twenty-five summers in which we had visited camps in some good camping area while in operation. The question may arise in your minds, how, on a brief visit, we really get a true picture of the camp in operation. If you take two months per year out of twenty-five, the total would be more than fifty months which, if divided into years, figures more than four years. We inject this figure, for it is evident that after spending so much time with directors at the base of their activities, one develops almost a sixth sense. As you walk about a camp with the director or a staff member, much is seen and recognized about which words are never spoken. And so we come to a critical moment. We cannot say that camp procedures in all of the Ontario camps which we visited meet even the minimum standards of the Canadian Camping Association or our own Association. We are aware of the efforts that are being made to raise the standards of camping in your country and ours and we also are aware of the many difficulties involved —not only for the Association but for the individual camp director. In some instances we found too relaxed programming; in others over rigidity; but we found these in but a few places. We recognized in a few camps that some counsellors were too young in actual years and again we realize the difficulty in securing qualified counsellors of the age required by minimum standards. In several cases camp equipment was not adequately kept and property not as attractive as it could

be without too much additional effort. Yes! in a few instances there were discontented faces—not only among campers but also staff, which reflects upon top direction. Actually, had we visited the same number of camps in an area in our own country which we had not previously visited, our experience would have been very similar.

Over and over during those five weeks in Ontario we were asked what impressed us most about Canadian camps. If we choose but one of the many impressions it is your tripping programs. The pre-training, the preparation, the tripping equipment, the skilled leadership, your lakes and streams, your tripping. We are impressed with the training, the know-how of living in the open which you give to your campers. We are impressed with the lack of over stimulation, with the naturalness and flexibility of program, with your appreciation that the camp situation is a laboratory where children most easily learn the skills and techniques of group living. But above all and beyond, it is the people we met—the directors and staff members—who made a lasting impression on us. Words are inadequate to express our appreciation of the welcome we received and the hospitality extended to us. If we were limited to a word with which to describe Canadian Camp Directors, that word needs must be "warm-hearted." Perhaps this is the key to the character of the people who have so ably developed camping for children in Ontario.

On the lighter side, we shall remember—the trip to TANAMAKOON between the beds of water lillies—the way hot baths are taken on the cabin docks at MAZINAW—Bill Chapman's art at KAGAWONG—Mr. Norton's red wool shirt at PATHFINDER—the spitting ring for teeth-cleaning at GAY-VENTURE — the twelve-foot canoes for juniors at KANDALORE — the council ring over the lake at TAMAK-WA—the fairy glen at GLEN BERNARD—the canoe counsellors' paddling exhibition at AROWHON—the Camboose at SHERWOOD FOREST—the evening fishing trip at WABI-KON, and the talk of old times and old friends at AHMEK and WAPOMEO. We'll remember the days in the "Bush" —the two-piece bathrooms—the beautiful lakes—the excellent highways—that we "slept in" not "slept late"—but most of all we'll remember the splendid, gallant people with whom we spent those five weeks in Ontario in 1953.

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Around and About . . .

in YWCA Camps

An interview with

MARY BARKER,

Director, Health and Physical Education, YWCA of Canada

The time had come . . . this past summer. YWCA staff people clamoured for a picture of their own type of camping in Ontario; directors were eager to know how other directors coped with equipment and campers. They asked such questions as: How many acres do other camps cover? How are they equipped to handle programme? How many campers? How are they housed? How many boats? How many waterfront personnel? A tour was the only way to acquire accurate answers, and Mary Barker was elected.

"It had to be done, so we simply made time for it," this busy executive said as we talked to her about the project. Actually, from the standpoint of business and the time element, this was not the year to leave her desk. As Director of Health and Physical Education for the YWCA of Canada, Miss Barker can become more than a little involved in a multitude of details. To top that, the National Convention in Quebec provided her with enough extra work to keep her early summer days anything but dull. Yet, if she were to make such a report at all, it was necessary to see the camps in action.

So, a series of conferences resulted in the decision that a tour of YWCA camps became a "piority" in Miss Barker's summer schedule. Her report was to be detailed, but not an inspection made with a critical eye. Rather it was to take the form of a series of friendly visits for the purpose of jotting down statistics and taking pictues. She was to commandeer a photographer and be on her merry way.

They travelled by car, one camp to each trip. Over a six-week period, seven camps in Ontario and two in Quebec provided the necessary information and made possible an eight-millimetre movie which, now edited by Miss B., takes forty minutes to run, and is available to anyone who would like to borrow it . . . for free.

"Now, please don't give anyone the impression that this is a glamour movie," she urged modestly. "There's nothing Hollywood about it. In fact, I'm afraid our need for the strictly p r a c t i c a l shocked my photographer friend's sense of the artistic. We took these pictures purely to show actual facilities in use. It could be called a Documentary, for we did it as a guide for other camp directors who are building and require on-the-spot information".

To examine the three broad sheets of Miss Barker's report is to know that in camps whose areas cover from five

acres to six hundred acres, groups numbering from forty-two to one hundred and fifty campers age eight to sixteen were housed, or tented, or both, at a cost per week ranging from $14.00 to $20.00 Their camping period averaged two weeks and in most cases medical examinations were required.

Except for key people, staff consisted of unpaid counsellors in the fifteen to thirty-five age group, assisted by C.I.T.'s from thirteen to seventeen years of age. All camps included a resident registered nurse, a doctor on call, cooks, kitchen assistants and maintenance man.

Facilties differed, of course, from camp to camp, according to the district, to the amount of community interest and to the individual donations made in each case. But, by and large, they could take care of programmes to include swimming, life saving, canoeing, rowing, nature, hiking, overland and water tripping, archery, campcraft, dramatics, stars and weather, fishing, handicraft, music and dancing. Boats were in excellent condition, she told us, although one camp might have less than half-a-dozen craft, where one in particular was proud-as-punch of its twenty-five canoes and extensive waterfront programme.

Buildings came in all manner of shapes and sizes, the very modern designs in striking contrast to those of the "pioneer" variety. Few camps were without craftshop, recreation lodge, chapel, administration building, dining hall, infirmary; most could include as well, a nature cabin, campcraft hut, counsellor's recreation hut and boat house.

While some YWCA camp washing facilities are primitive, all but one have cold running water, none has hot. One camp has cold showers, but all have both hot and cold running water in the kitchens. Three camps know the joys of dishwashing machines, four cook with electricity, the rest with coal or wood, propane gas or natural gas, and most have electric refrigeration.

Fly control is a *must* with YWCA camp directors, and DDT is the most widely used purge; however, those who have tried out the Big Stinky wouldn't have anything else. Sanitary facilities can be primitive, but a good many camps combine the out-house model with chemical, pail-a-day or flush toilets.

Waterfront equipment was most satisfactory, docks built in the H, T, I or X shape or the Red Cross design. Five camps had provided lifeguard towers, all used ring bouys, eight owned water patrol boats and eight provided rafts.

Curious to know what particular impressions this experience had made on Miss Barker, we put the question. Here is the substance of her reply:

"The water craft situation . . . also the food . . . was very much better than I'd anticipated. So often the supply and condition of boats and canoes is inadequate to properly serve the number of campers.

"Then I was pleased to find no overcrowding. One camp in particular, which, in its 'private' days had packed in 120 campers, now held its normal capacity of sixty.

"Altogether I have high hopes for the future of camping in the Canadian YWCA."

What About

Nova Scotia Camps?

STAN SYMINGTON

Acting Boys' Work Secretary,
National Council of YMCAs of Canada

To sit back and remember camping is to recall the many pleasant aspects of my recent Maritime visit. Remember, this bit of writing is without malice, and when I say something like "the boys down east", or "the fellows in Lower Canada", etc., etc., it's just a manner of speaking and that's all, but what I wanted to say was that when you talk Camp in the Maritimes, you are informed in a nice way, that the best camps in Canada are down that-a-way. It was even uttered in more salty terms, such as: "Best durn camps", if you'll pardon the expression; "the place where camping is camping", and so on. Perhaps those Nova Scotians are right, for I'll have to admit that when I flew from Yarmouth to Halifax I couldn't believe a country could be threaded with so many thousands of lakes, and of course, the ocean is marged with miles of gleaming white sand beach. What more could one ask?

Well, the point is that from the camp site point of view, there are many artistically beautiful, well-located YM camps in that part of the world. Naturally, one finds the odd one that would like to move to a more camp-like location, but by and large, the Maritime camps are attractive spots.

It was music to the ears to hear names like Naskapie, Pascobac, Wapomeo and Barachois, for they conjure up all sorts of exciting thoughts about "Injuns" and stuff. Bert Messacar's Camp Magaguadavic is pronounced "Maggie-Davie" and conjures up in my mind the terrible time I used to have in Spelling back in school days. Here, though, we have a picturesque, natural camp setting with a great expanse of canoeing country, a chain of lakes and natural portages comparable to the best in any part of Canada.

Big Cove reminds me a bit of Pinecrest, only it sits in a cove on the ocean. So does Holland Cove, and both make you think of the times that the Pirate Captains dropped off and buried their loot in the beach. They really did, too! Here ocean swimming's at its best. Al Tyler's "Y's Acres" of Moncton, situated on the Bay of Fundy, with its high tide, and the Sherbrooke Camp in one of the most colourful parts of Quebec's Eastern Townships, both hold a spell over campers and staff alike.

I must admit that the Saint John "Pascobac" threw me for a while, as I thought it was Montagnais for "Pass the Picobac". But Myles Dewar and his boys soon put me straight. So, along with my broken nose, I shall always remember that it isn't what I thought it was. Some day I'm going to ask him what it does mean!

Now for a rundown . . . it's Naskapie of Quebec City, Pascobac of St. John,

Wapomeo of Yarmouth, Barachois of Sydney, Magaguadavic of Fredericton, Y's Acres of Moncton, Sherbrooke of Sherbrooke, Holland Cove of Charlottetown and Big Cove of Halifax; and, believe me, we have those "boys down East" — Camp Directors — working to give campers (in some cases the camps serve both girls and boys) the greatest benefits from a wonderful summer experience.

A new partner in the Quebec Camp is Lloyd Elmer, who has just arrived there via the University of Toronto. Al Tyler of Moncton has a man lined up; Ivan Robinson is looking after Holland Cove; Roy McKeen at Barachois, Clare Buckley at Big Cove, Nate Bain at Wapomeo, Bob Butler (from Sir George Williams) at Pascobac, the Bob we say "Welcome" to.

While on my trip, I was able to visit Roy Locke in Montreal, who, in addition to the Metropolitan Boys Work job, takes over Camp Kanawana and the planning for Camp Perrot. Roy has something which is of interest to all camp people in Canada, and that is a book he is developing on the total camp operation of the two areas in which he is concerned. It is an excellent device with which to record the necessary camp policies, work plans and schedules, programme organization and so on. He started it in answer to the problem of constantly changing camp directors, particularly in Agency Camps, and organized it as a manual divided into four sections: Programme, Administration, Buildings and Equipment. In looseleaf form, information can be added as situations must be coped with, so that every policy is recorded over the years. If it became necessary that a new director take over either of his camps next week, the "inner workings" of organization is down on paper, in black and white, for him to follow.

CAMPS BUILT
ANYWHERE IN ONTARIO
Let's talk it over
HAROLD H. THOMPSON
Building Contractor
Gravenhurst Ontario

Someone back home asked me how "those fellows Down East" cope with water safety in ocean camps. Actually, their problems do differ a bit from ours in that the tide affects waterfront activities, and equipment must be built to allow for it. The principle of their docks in Cove camping is a permanent structure on the beach, the actual dock and diving towers a long way out (in deep water) and built on drums to allow for the swell. Swimming areas are marked off with floating bouys, the anchor chains of which are left slack to permit maximum rise and fall.

As far as programme is concerned, it is very much like that in Ontario. Hiking and climbing offer many joys; rowing, swimming and sailing are geared to the ocean's whims. And when you ask a director how far one is allowed to sail, the usual reply is: "Well, Ireland *is* out-of-bounds!"

I'm all for a spell of this Nova Scotia camping; I'd like to catch my own lobsters and crabs, bake them and eat them with the roar of the surf in my ears. So maybe I'll pack my bedroll and haversack, come some sunny summer Sunday, and strike out for that famed "playground of Canada".

As Camp should be and As Camp is

AS CAMP SHOULD BE

. . . to a First Year Counsellor

Maybe I expected too much of camp, and therefore should not be writing about it at all. But, on the other hand, my companions who also experienced their first summer as camp counsellors feel the same as I do. Something was lacking, perhaps, or it could be that the emphasis was, in some cases, in the wrong place.

Was it my lack of perception? Or was my director at fault?

That I have yet to find out. I do know that all through the winter, camp stood before me as a golden Utopia where I would find relaxation and peace as I learned from older counsellors and my director the true concept of leadership and all that goes with it. I expected to come through this experience having developed a philosophy towards camping that would stand by me for years to come. So far, I'm still in the dark.

What is wrong with camp in the eyes of young counsellors, you ask?

Mainly, not enough training. Yes, we can hear you. There are Counsellor Training Courses in the spring. Every camp offers some sort of pre-camp induction. But there it stops. What do we get as camp progresses? A staff meeting every day in which we go over programme, plan the camp's big event of the year and talk about getting to bed early every night. We might have the odd get-together with the Section Head.

But to us who are eighteen-going-on-nineteen, a continual in-camp training plan is a necessity. We are told beforehand that children must be handled with diplomacy, that we should get to *know* them, that we should bring out the best in them, that we should be able to walk into our respective tents and talk freely with our groups. That's all right for someone who is an old hand at the game. But *how* do we bring out the best in a child whose conception of good camping is to balk at everything the counsellor suggests? What are the best steps to take in getting to know strange children who are often painfully shy? What does one say?

We agree . . . the one great point about camping is that it gives a counsellor an opportunity to deal with his campers the way parents should, and, more's the pity, don't. It should encourage us to develop that spirit of comradeship, and we're willing to do all in our power to try . . . but *how?* There are times when counsellors can really help campers by talking with them, but what is the secret of breaking the ice? Please teach us actual techniques.

Now, I realize this is my first year at camp. I'm a greenhorn, if you want to put it that way. I'm eager to share the load, and there's plenty of work to be done. But am I obliged to be a Joe who picks up after everybody else and who is at the beck and call of anyone who won't take responsibility himself? I don't like Joe-jobs as a steady diet. They should be shared by everybody.

It seems to me that each camp has its share of those who refuse to carry their full responsibility programme-wise or otherwise. So often when anything is to be done it's a case of "let George do it", and I believe that one point could be highlighted and counteracted during an in-camp training session for all counsellors, new and old. How about it?

And why are salaries not standardized? Why is it that one of my class mates who had half my responsibility was paid nearly twice as much, and another who did far more than I received a smaller salary? Also, why must the parents of Counsellors-in-Training be asked to pay half fees when that C.I.T. is on full-time duty most of the day? That boy or girl is learning the skill of being a counsellor; he or she is giving time and energy all summer; I believe the summer should be free . . . without camp fees, without salary. Then when it comes to salary time, let there be a set scale: so much for the first year, so much for the second year and so on, with a bonus system, perhaps, for those who deserve more. That would save hard feeling, and would discourage this business of "shopping around" at the beginning of the year.

As far as facilities for counsellors are concerned, the concensus seems to be that they are pretty fair. The great need in some camps, apparently, is a counsellor's haven where they can meet every night after the section is settled, where they can talk, make coffee, eat buns, sing if they want to and not feel they must talk in whispers. A counsellor needs this relaxation after a day with children if he or she is to mature and remain sane for the duration.

Food is another topic of great interest; especially must there be a substantial snack at bed-time. Most of us have worked energetically; we're really ready for another small meal, and haven't the money to spend at the local beanery (if there is one within five miles) every evening.

There may be other small details which should be covered, but these are the chief "beefs". Possibly another C.I.T. or Junior Counsellor will add to this in another issue, just to show you how our thoughts are running.

We love camp, and we want to go back. But we want it to be as perfect as possible so that we can give campers the best that camping has to offer.

AS CAMP IS

. . . to a Counsellor-in-Training

ANNE DAVIDSON, *Camp Wahcahmie*

Camp, to me, is life at its fullest.

It offers relaxation for the mind, refreshment for the body, and nourishment for the spirit. My mind becomes relaxed when it is transferred from an environment which taxes my mental powers, to one which lays emphasis on refreshing my body.

Undoubtedly, camping in the true sense is to find such refreshment. This challenging, invigorating life provides me with a salubrious body recreationed by various activities: canoeing, swimming, sailing and hiking . . . all accessible in any camp environment.

While my body experiences this period of transformation, my spirit is stimulated, too, by food in many forms

—the reading of thought-provoking books, the sharing in verbal discussions, or the attuning of the ears to words spoken in chapel. For my eyes and ears learn together as searchers for spiritual nourishment.

If someone were to ask the question: "What does camp mean to you?", I would soundly reply that camp means as much to me as does a blueprint to an architect, a brush to an artist, or a compass to a hiker. For it is at camp that I have the opportunity to mould my character without causing it any detriment.

During my six years of camping experience, I have become more aware and appreciative of the true values of life. Plato voiced them as: the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. First, a comment on the True and its relationship to camping in general. Webster defines "true" to mean a state of being accurate. Accuracy, as it is presented in all out-door life, is God's creative gift, unadorned and beautiful. Yes, God gave me His out-of-doors to live in and enjoy. He gave me the sunset, majestic with its array of multitudinous colours; the sweet-scented flowers so perfect in creation; the crystal-clear waters; and the mystic night with its follower, day. Beauty is everywhere. By focussing my eyes on matter of any shape or state, I am able to depict beauty. To fully appreciate God's handiwork, I realize that one of the true values, being beauty, cannot be neglected.

Plato's third life value was that of Goodness. As taught to us by Christ, it is a quality that each and every one of us is desirous of attaining . . . a quality which can be had in minimal degrees by making an unceasing effort to become more like Him. The Beautiful is the graceful; the Good is the excellent; the True is the accurate.

In the camp circle, one becomes vividly aware, also, of the true value of friends. Gibran, the prophet, has caught the pulse of friendship in his powerful statements:

"Let there be no purpose in friendship, save the deepening of the spirit . . ."

"Let your best be for your friend. If he must know the ebb of your tide, let him know its flood also . . ."

"Your friend is your needs answered . . ."

"In the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter and the sharing of pleasures . . ."

In the camp atmosphere is sown the friendship seed that will develop and blossom. Camp friends are precious, like rare gems. Their value increases with every new sunrise, with every new experience. To sleep under a blanket of stars on a canoe trip, to enter a new companionship while brewing coffee over the hot embers of a camp-fire, to work side by side while attempting to form some object such as a totem pole, are all experiences accessible to every camper. Indeed, my friends have become my comforters, my advisers, and my partners . . . all willing to share with me the invaluable experience common to all campers.

In truth, camp is a home, furnishing me with comfort, admiration, recognition, responsibility and security . . . all woven together to give me a healthy body, mind and spirit.

Camp is true living. I thank God for such!

Shall We

Sing a Song of Camp?

DOROTHY M. DOUGLAS, *Chairman*
Canadian Camp Song Book Committee

Land of the silver birch,
Home of the beaver,
Where still the mighty moose
Wanders at will,

Blue lake and rocky shore,
I will return once more.
Boom-de-de Boom-de-de,
Boom de-de Boom Boom,
Boom de-de Boom Boom, Boom.

(tone suggesting a tom-tom)

Do you sing this song at your camp? Can you tell us its origin? Do you know the other verses—for instance, the one about the wigwam, of which there are several versions:

High on a rocky ledge
I'll build my wigwam;
Close by the water's edge,
Silent and still.

Some camps sing "I'll *pitch* my wigwam"; others, "I'll *set* my wigwam". Some have their wigwam "Close to the forest edge". Now, as good campers, what shall we sing? The westerners choose to *pitch* their wigwam, for out there the Indian wigwams are usually tents of skins or mats. However, certain North American Indians live in wigwams that are really huts of bark. In the interests of helping our campers learn to choose a good camp site, what should they glean from singing about this wigwam's location?

While we are speaking of Indians, here is an action song that many camps sing, its origin unknown to us. The first version we quote from a western camp song sheet:

We are the red men, tall and STRAIGHT,
In our feathers and war paint.
Pow-wow, Pow-wow,
We're the men of the old Hancow . . .
We CAN fight with sticks and stones
Bows and arrows, bricks and bones . . .

the second version comes from an eastern one:

We are the red men, tall and QUAINT,
In our feathers and war paint,
Pow-wow, Pow-wow,
We're the men of the old Duncow . . .
We DON'T fight with sticks and stones
Bows and arrows, bricks and bones . . .

The difference here is quite significant. How easily words take a g r a d u a l change, and sometimes the song will create a different image or idea as a result. For instance, here is a Canoeing Song which someone wrote to a graceful waltz tune. The last two lines of one version are:

And swiftly, as the heron winging,
Our singing paddles DIP by.

In the next song sheet we find that the paddles *zip* by, and in yet another they *slip* by. We nearly all sing that jolly action song about "My Tall Silk Hat" to the tune "Funiculi, Funicula"; but

It is intriguing to discover that some of us set out to ride upon a trolley, others a subway, and I wouldn't be at all surprised to find that some campers meet the big fat lady in a space ship or a taxi!

There are some charming and some very amusing original words composed by camps to tunes of their liking—perhaps they will be willing to share a few of these with other Canadian camps. All member camps of the Canadian Camping Association (with the addition of a further group of C.G.I.T. camps reached through the kindness of Mrs. Hampton of the C.G.I.T. National office), were sent a letter and reply form by this Committee early in August. In our letter we stated that we were exploring the possibility of drawing up a Canadian Camp Song Book in which might be included some of the good camp songs that are being composed and sung in Canadian camps each year. While we still look forward to hearing from more of you, it is encouraging that camps in British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba (one), Nova Scotia, Quebec (two only), and Ontario responded at once. We'd like to hear from more boys' camps—the girls have outnumbered them in our returns—and we do need the suggestions and ideas of the boys' camps in this project.

Have You an Extra Copy of Your Camp's Song Book or Song Sheet?

If so, and you didn't have the opportunity to send it to us this summer, would you mail it to:

Canadian Camp Song Book Committee,
c/o Mrs. D. M. Douglas,
76 Park Avenue, Oakville, Ontario

and help along the work of this committee? And if you have an extra five minutes to spare, would you star those songs the campers enjoy particularly, and indicate those songs whose words and/or music originated at your camp? (The committee will ask your permission before publishing or using these in any way). We hope that by the time you read this, the committee will be at work on the next phase of this undertaking.

While reading through the camp replies that have come in this fall, it has been fun to picture the many different camp fires—at the seaside, among the mountains, in the prairie coulees, by the inland lakes—where this past summer, campers and their counsellors sang these songs together, sometimes with jubilant shouts, at other times in quiet harmony. Do you remember how the C.B.C. conveyed a broadcast farewell to the Queen (then Princess Elizabeth) and the Duke of Edinburgh as they came to the end of their tour of Canada? Beginning with the first line of *Auld Lang Syne* in Vancouver, the voices of Canadians were picked up by the microphone, a line or so from each province, until the song had been sung through the breadth of the Dominion. Travelling in imagination from east to west, one can hear such songs as *Fire's Burning, Taps,* and *Witchcraft* greeting the sunset from campfires all across Canada on the warm summer evenings. What could more naturally express the bond between campers from sea to sea than the songs we sing together? Surely we want such experiences as these to be enriched with the heritage of fine and vital music—music that belongs with, or grows out of, the adventure of camping in Canada.

Standards in Ontario Camps

— A Progress Report

R. KEITH CLEVERDON

For over ten years the Ontario Camping Association has been studying the whole field of camping standards, with the eventual aim of helping member camps provide a more useful and healthful camp experience for the girls and boys who attend them. About a year ago, a great deal of thought was given to a proposal to accredit camps belonging to the Association. The Standards Committee studied the question at some length and recommended the adoption of a system for the accrediting of camps. This recommendation was discussed thoroughly at the annual meeting in February, 1953, and adopted.

We feel that camping people across Canada will be interested in the next step being taken to achieve this goal. In June, a survey of member camps was conducted by an anonymous questionnaire. Each camp director was asked a number of questions about his camp and its operation, designed to see if the camp met the standards proposed by the Standards Committee. We were very anxious to know if the standards we proposed were too severe. The results are very interesting. We worked out the number of camps complying with each of the various requirements, and found the percentage. It is significant that the most severe requirements are being met by 65% of all the camps, and the most lenient by 100% of them. A very large proportion of all the camps now satisfy *all* of the minimum standards. Some interesting items are these: 100% of the camps use pasteurized milk, 77% test their water supply every two weeks at least, 63% have hot shower or bathtub facilities for all their campers, 90% of those without resident doctors have one on call, but only 65% insist on pre-camp medical inspections of staff and campers. A daily rest period for campers is standard practice in all of the camps. In the area of waterfront safety, and we believe due largely to the efforts of the Canadian Red Cross Society, a very large proportion of the camps comply with the standards. While only 75% allow not more than ten children to one lifeguard, 80% or more comply with all the other standards. The supply of counsellors is getting to be a problem with most camps, and this was evident from the study. In the private camps, 30% used 17-year old counsellors as a minimum, but the average age was not less than 19 in any camp; agency camps present a different picture, with counsellors as young as 15 or 16 in one-third of the camps, and counsellors-in-training as young as 13 in some. The average age in agency camps was 17 or more in 80% of the camps.

As a result of this survey, the Standards Committee of the Ontario Camping Association recommended that its Proposed Minimum Standards be adopted, to replace the Standards developed in the 1947-49 period. Since these Proposed Standards had been circulated to all members in January, 1953, had been discussed at some length at the Conference in February, and were apparently acceptable to most camps now, this forward step was taken. We would like to stress that these standards are not mandatory for membership in the Ontario Camping Association, though we would like to believe that all of our members will strive to meet them. Copies of the standards will be mailed to all Ontario camp directors shortly, and others interested in having a set, or in learning more of the results of the survey, should write to the Association office, 236 Bloor St. W., Toronto.

What Camp Means to Me

— A Camp Director

HELEN STEWART, *Director,*
Camp Wahcahmie

Those of you who have been in the realm of camping for many years might wonder why one who is new to the field should attempt to expound on such a subject. I realize it would be presumptuous to make sweeping suggestions concerning camping as I feel it should be, but if one takes a realistic view, one cannot help asking the question: Is camping successful in doing for the individual camper all it should?

Camp means certain things in my mind, just as it does in the minds of all directors. Ultimately, my camp presents a challenge, for I see in it an opportunity to direct my energies into worthwhile channels. In my hands are the instruments that may be used successfully to guide and mould teen-agers. I realize the enormity of this project because the teen-age personality has such an intricate but interesting composition-sphere, interesting because it is in a continual dynamic state striving to assert itself in the enthusiasm and clamour of everyday living.

As in any other venture, I feel it is necessary to have a set of aims which will serve as a guide post for me as I set off along the camping trail. My aims have become my camp aims . . . simple perhaps, but in their simplicity, they appear as golden ideas:

To realize beauty in the out-of-doors is the first aim I endeavour to give to my campers. Endless opportunities are given to us, as camp directors, to show them that beauty is everywhere. They have but to attune themselves to nature to find it; beauty as expressed in the silent lapping of waters on the shore when all the world is in darkness, beauty in the strong purpose of the pine as it keeps its lonely vigil on a rugged rock; beauty in the fragile Indian Pipe, and beauty in the many-faceted pebbles among grains of white sand. We hope that each camper eventually will glory in the fresh and unspoiled splendour of the out-of-doors.

Secondly, my staff and I strive to teach our campers the true worth and satisfaction that comes from living happily with others. The camp environment is an excellent medium for attaining such a satisfaction. Camp friends are precious additions to a camper's life, for they share her hours, her needs, and her pleasures. She can work and play and laugh and sleep under the stars in close companionship with new-found friends. At camp, she is given a lesson in group living, an important ingredient in character make-up.

The last aim, to me, is all-important in that camp seeks to revive the mind and body of each camper, so that she will return home enriched in spirit, eager to recommence study, while the memory of her experiences and their value will remain with her through life. I like to think that a camper's journey through the camp hours will open many doors for her . . . doors leading to new and varied skills and experiences. Whether she has obtained the greatest measure from these experiences is entirely up to her. In the final reckoning, we, at camp, fervently hope that the camper will direct the knowledge

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and impressions she has garnered at camp into making her a more exciting personality. This end may be achieved if the camper uses the three aims as the steel frame of her compass.

I truly believe that the most important and fascinating ingredient in the camp is, undoubtedly, the camper. If given the proper guidance, a camper's potentialities can be awakened and broadened, fundamentally allowing her to blossom into a keener individual. You are all interested in the character-building of each camper . . . for, as Baldwin Brown puts it: "Temperament we are born with, character we have to make". Fortunate are we if, through camp associations, our energies can be directed whole-heartedly into showing the camper the way to a richer personality. Yes! the camper is the mainspring of camp living.

As camp directors, we must be ever mindful that the capacity to enjoy life is recognized as one of the essential developments of the individual which should come through education. Camp should contribute directly to this outcome. Camp works in the present. It is decidedly realistic to the camper. It produces tangible results in success and failure. Camp offers opportunities for group enterprise which bring the satisfactions that come from group achievements.

May I, at this point, interject a few ideas that have occurred to me during the year? It is all well and good to say that the camper is the mainspring of the camp. Naturally enough, without campers there would be no camps. With this in mind, I would again ask the question: How many directors believe that camping is doing all it should for campers? Do we allow them to breathe the true camping air or do we smother them with so much instruction, guidance and observation that they have no free time in which to explore hidden beauties, to experiment and find the best way to do a given task, to wander wherever the spirit moves?

Are we sure that our counsellors are the best to be procured? Each counsellor must be a friend and adviser. Do we consider this when we assemble our staff together? What are your requirements for a good counsellor? I know some directors who consider age to be the prime requisite, others who advertise that their counsellors are all University students, and so on. Might not an eighteen-year-old be just as emotionally mature as a twenty-two-year old University graduate? Perhaps yes. Perhaps no. But since the material we have to work with is so pliable and impressionable, it stands to reason that our staff should be well screened.

Do we plan our programme with the idea in mind that it is what the campers so desire, or is it based on the activities in which our counsellors are most skilled! We put at the campers' disposal recreation which is familiar to their city life. Should we not expend our energies on opening for them worlds which are not accessible during the long months away from camp? Here is a golden opportunity to present experiences . . . everlasting gifts which will mould and enlarge their characters. Would that more camps concerned themselves with the thrills found in campcraft and nature lore, in orienteering, in archery, in sailing, in water skiing, in oil painting; activities carried on in the out-of-doors amidst all the beauties of nature.

All campers should experience the thrill of canoe-tripping. Poor is the camper who has not tasted the satisfaction which comes from such adventuring. Forever locked in my memory will be the fun, fellowship and friends I have garnered through the years of cooking over a roaring fire, sleeping out, paddling through rain and sunshine, plotting our way, with compass and map as our only guides. In such

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circumstances only can one learn to give and take, to help where help is needed, to keep pushing when the going is extra rough . . . lessons seldom learned when campers remain entirely within camp bounds.

I often wonder if a camp might not become so large that the individual camper becomes rather lost in its daily hustle and bustle. The extrovert successfully glows in spite of the vastness, but what happens to the introvert? You might answer by saying the cabin counsellor can handle the situation. But is that counsellor properly equipped to lead that camper "out of the darkness into the light"? A thought worth considering.

My camp evolved from a dream into a reality. I have seen it transformed from the blue-prints into a living actuality. I know full well that the plans for the make-up will change many times before it will have emerged as a full-blown edification of my dream. I also know that, during the years of transition and growth, the aims will remain the same for they were designed with one thought in mind: to give the finest training, and to present the maximum opportunities for bringing out the potentialities of leadership and followership in each and every camper. At the core of camp life is the camper, a tangible foundation stone in the building of camp. I truly hope that I may inculcate into my camp all the high ideals and aims that should be the very heart of such a venture.

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Convention News and Notes

MEET US IN NEW YORK!

From where we sit, it looks like a Clan Gatherin' of OCA and CCA people next February 2, 3, 4, 5, & 6, at the Twenty-third National Convention of the American Camping Association in that glamorous town. Great! We can think of no finer way to renew friendships and to meet the American camping fraternity.

Programme takes interesting form as United Nations speakers and United Nations tours are included in the roster of attractions. For instance, a meeting in one of the UN Assembly Halls has been scheduled for ACA delegates, while three UN tours have been arranged for those unable to attend the Wednesday afternoon meeting.

Dr. Buel Gallagher, President of City College of New York, and former assistant in United States Department of Education, gives the opening address on Wednesday evening. From Washington comes another speaker, Dr. Leland Bradford, Director of the National Training Laboratory in Group Development.

That's all we can give you of a definite nature to this moment, but preprogrammes will be ready when this magazine is in your hands. Merely write to Herman Barr, Programme Director, New York Section of the American Camping Association, 342 Madison Avenue, New York City.

It promises to be a fine show, full of the sort of new information we, as camping people, require if we are to operate at a forward-looking level.

FOLLOWING THAT . . .

. . . comes our own Ontario Camping Association Conference at the end of February—25, 26 and 27, to be exact —in Toronto. Place has been set as Central YMCA, 40 College Street, and the committee has been working like mad since before the summer!

We think one of the keenest attractions will be group luncheons which are being arranged for those who would like them. For instance, the committee feels that YMCA camping people, Girl Guides, Boy Scouts, Church camping folk, have little time at our pow-wow to get together for discussion of their own pressing problems. Same goes for the directors of boys' private camps, girls' private camps and co-educational private camps. So the luncheon periods will be left open on Friday and Saturday for just this purpose. Banquets with special speakers will be scheduled for Friday night and Saturday night.

The Programme committee is up to its ears in correspondence with special speakers for forums, workshops and dinners. So, more of that later.

INTERESTED IN FOOD MANAGEMENT?

When it comes to camp planning, every director should want to take advantage of a course offered by Ryerson Institute in Toronto; but, believe it, there were not enough registrants to warrant it this past fall.

So how about next year? Would you be willing to submit your name, and show that you would like to be included in future classes? If so, one of our committee members will see if Ryerson Institute will make the same offer again.

Cost of the course was to be $15, with classes once a week from October to March, covering menu planning, food purchasing and general management of this department.

Get in touch with OCA office, 236 Bloor Street West, KI. 0151, by letter or telephone. If we gather in enough names, we'll take up the matter with the Ryerson people.

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